

POLICESM

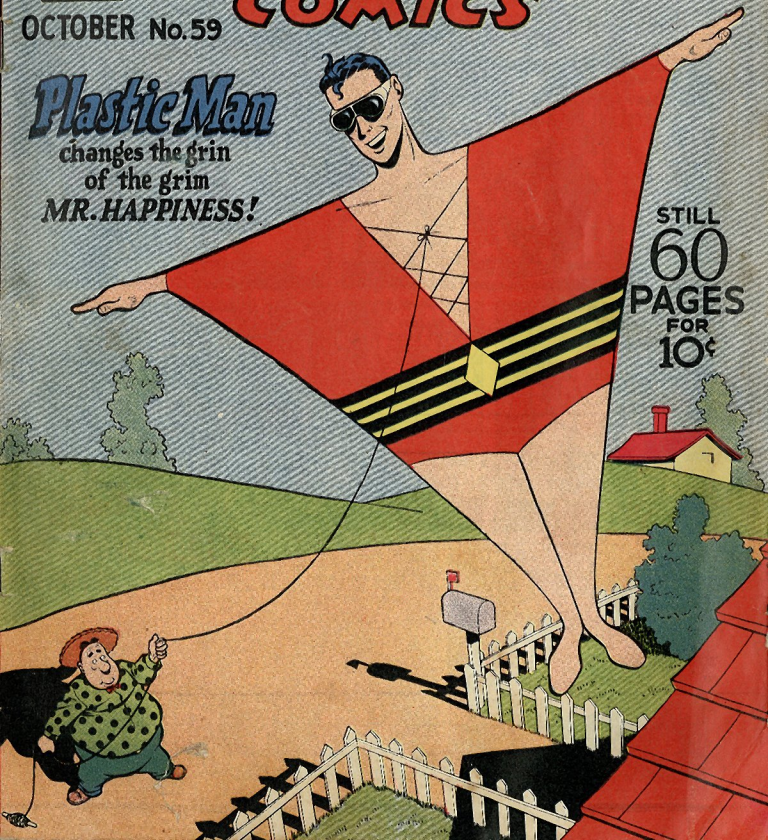
COMICS

OCTOBER No. 59

Plastic Man

changes the grin
of the grim
MR. HAPPINESS!

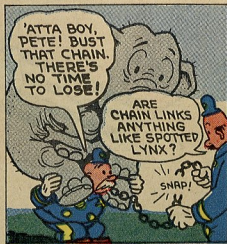
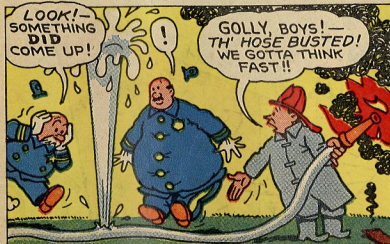
STILL
60
PAGES
FOR
10¢



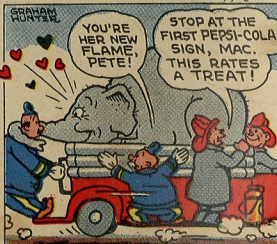


WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

"PEPSI" The PEPSI-COLA COP



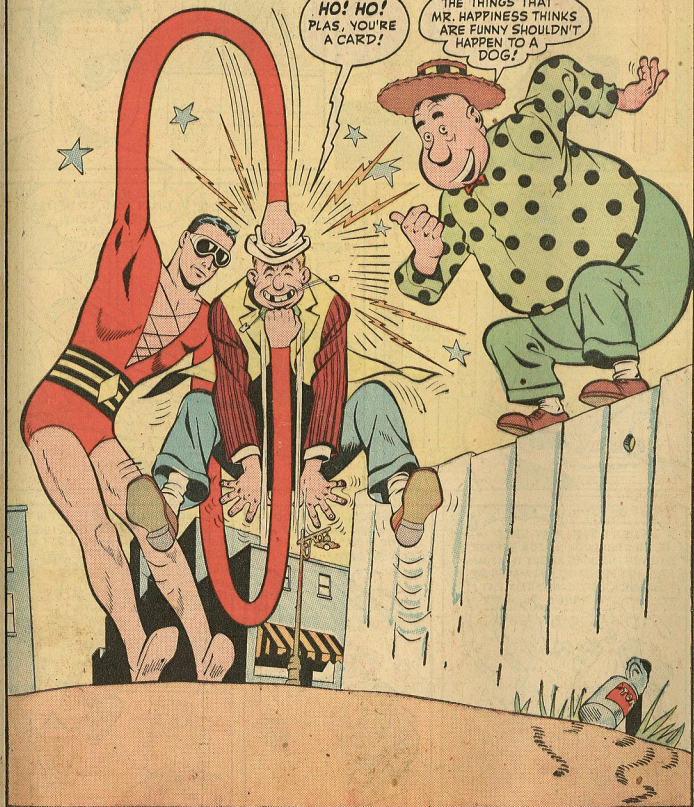
Copyright 1946, Pepsi-Cola Company

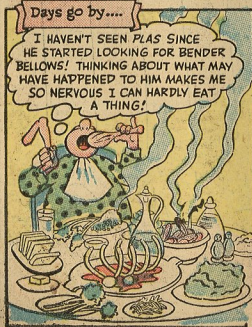
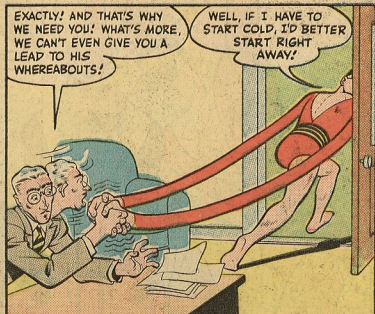
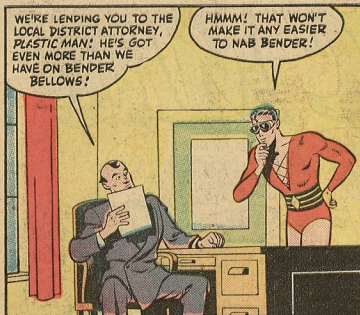


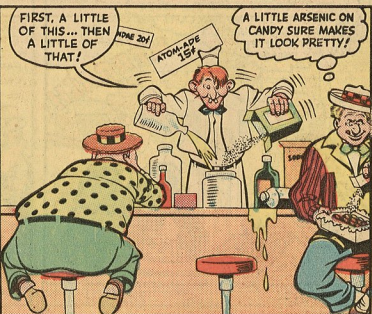
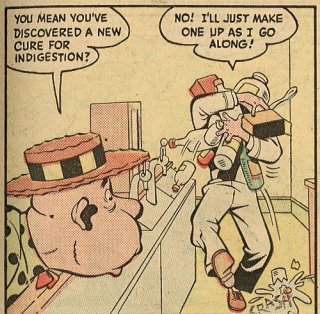
PLASTIC MAN

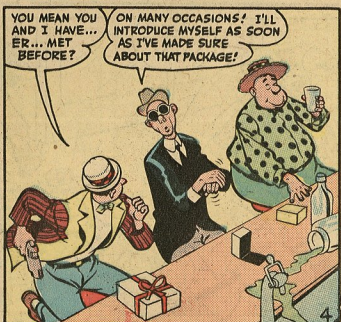
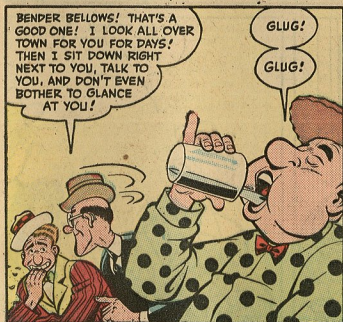
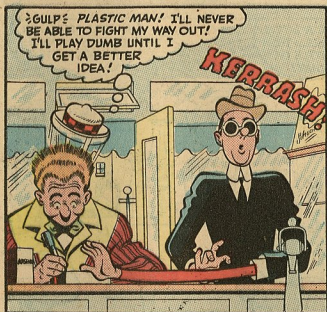
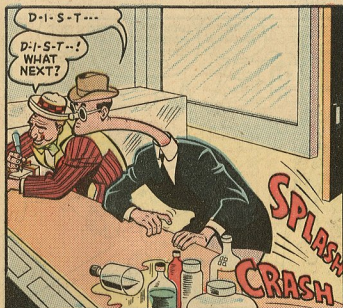
HO! HO!
PLAS, YOU'RE
A CARD!

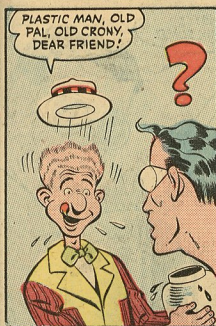
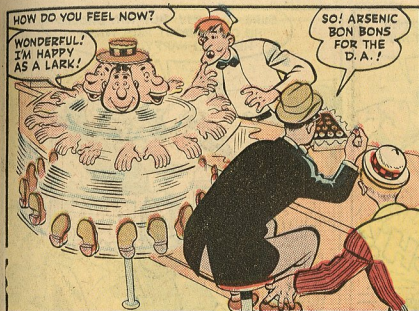
THE THINGS THAT
MR. HAPPINESS THINKS
ARE FUNNY SHOULDN'T
HAPPEN TO A
DOG!

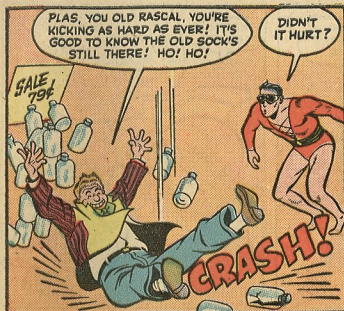


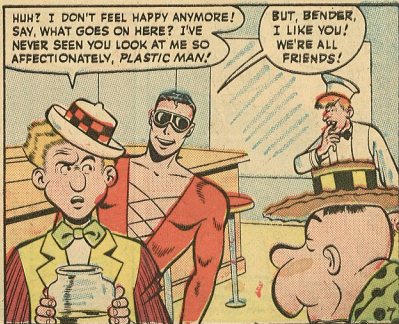
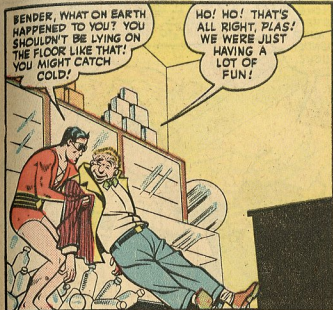


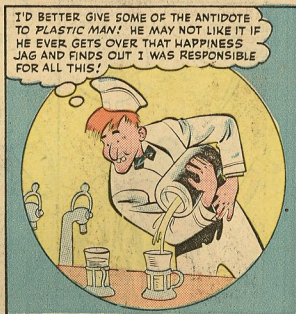
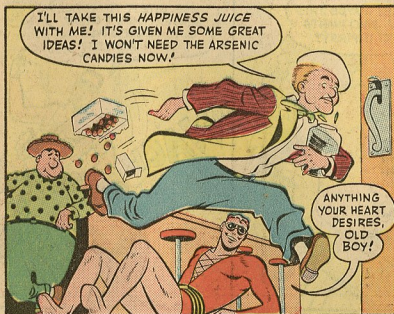
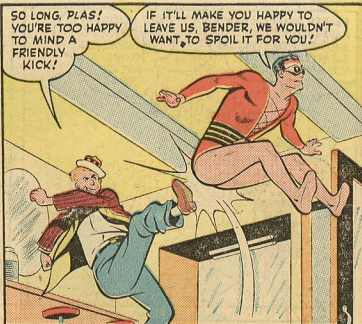
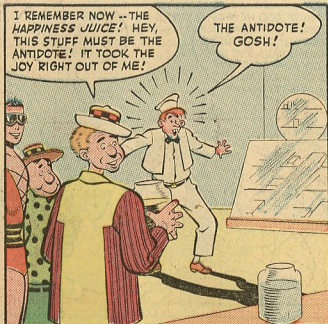


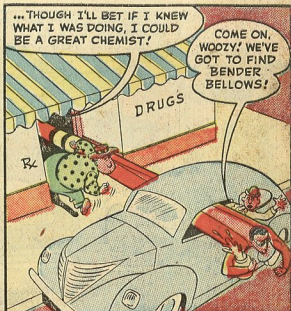


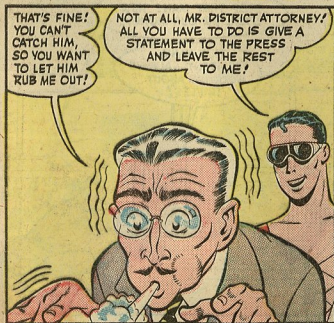
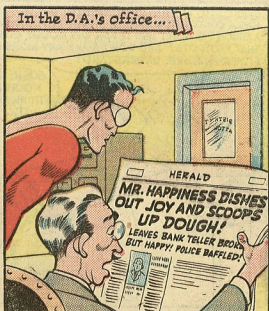


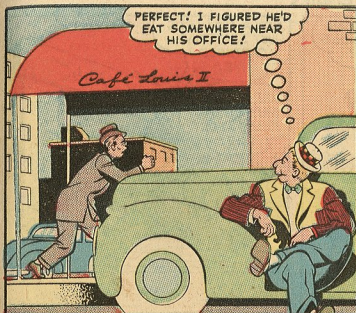


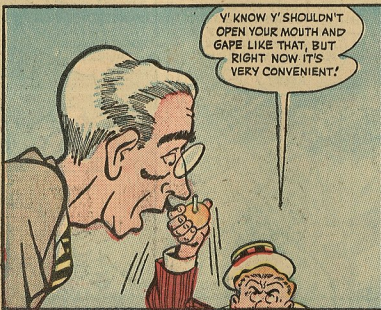
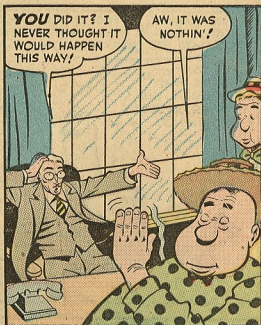
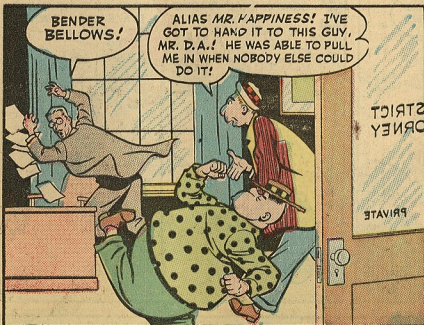
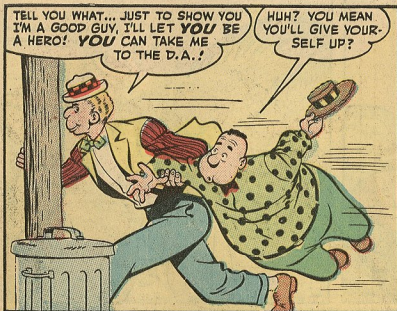


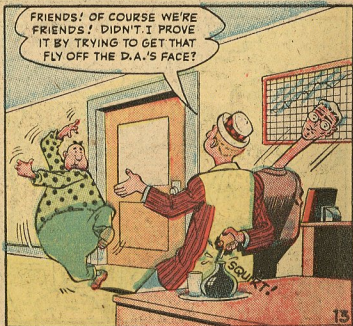
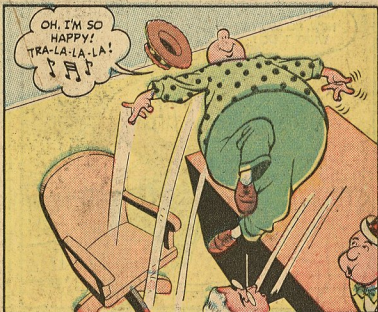
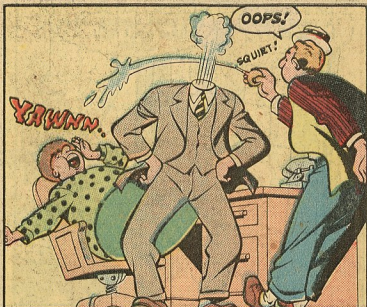


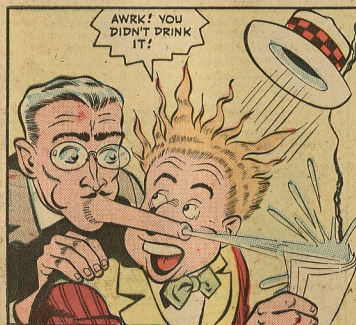
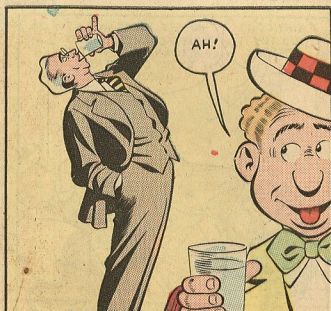


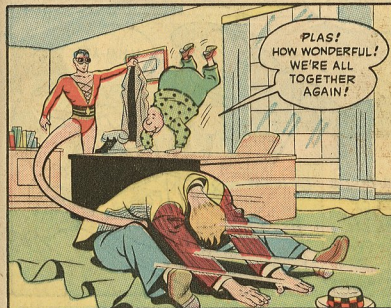












FLATFOOT BURNS

WE'RE IN LUCK,
FLATFOOT! IT'S
STILL **LIT!**

HMM-M!

The Lighthouse -- a man-made
beacon, thwarting the attempts of
nature to wreck ships and valuable
cargo on the treacherous rocks....

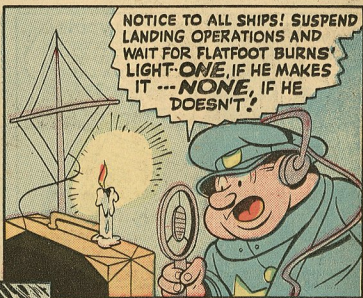
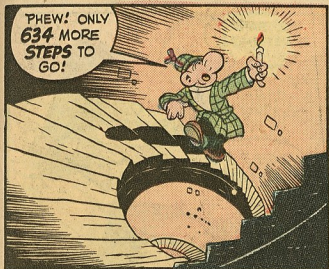
WHAT DID I TELL YOU?
THERE, YOU SEE? CROOKS
WOULDN'T ATTEMPT TO
STEAL THE LIGHT WITH
US ON GUARD!

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT
THAT, CHIEF! THE
WARNING WAS SET
FOR TWELVE MIDNIGHT
AND IT'S ALMOST THAT
NOW!

CLICK!

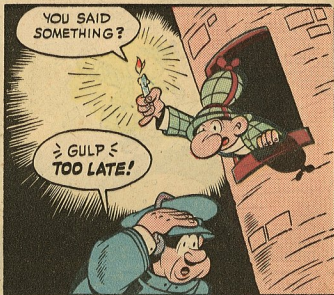
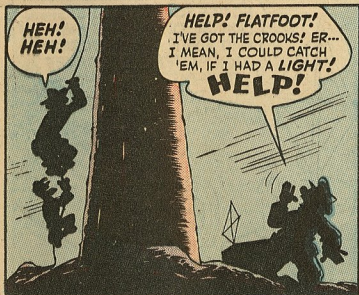
H-HE D-DID IT
AGAIN!...
**SWIPED THE
LIGHT FROM
THE LIGHTHOUSE!**

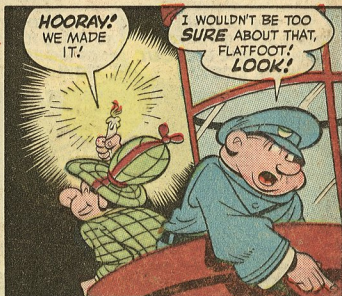
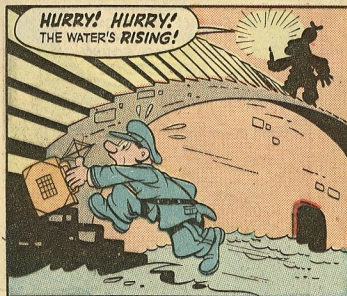
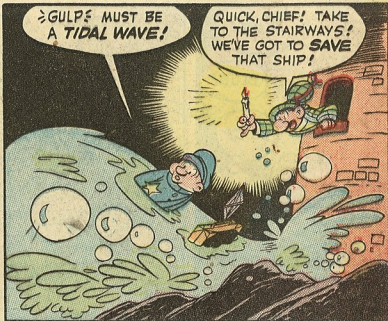
GULP!

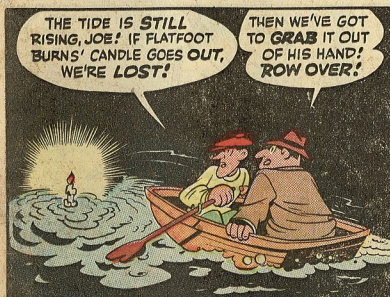
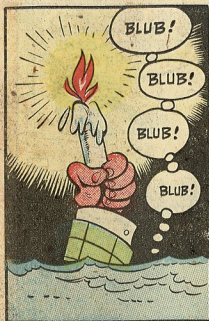


Meanwhile, in the tower...









Comes the dawn... the
fury of the storm
is OVER....



HMM-M!

Gracefully, the
water subsides....



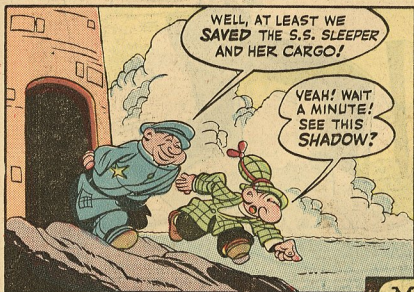
THEY
GOT AWAY!
GOSH!

YEAH!



I'VE FAILED,
CHIEF! MY
FIRST BIG
BLUNDER--

DON'T
TAKE IT SO
HARD,
FLATFOOT!



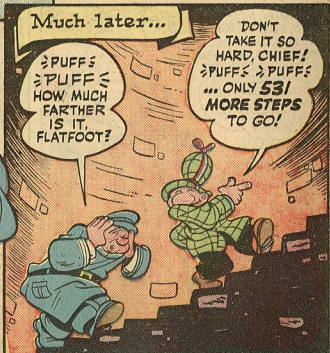
WELL, AT LEAST WE
SAVED THE S.S. SLEEPER
AND HER CARGO!

YEAH! WAIT
A MINUTE!
SEE THIS
SHADOW?



CHIEF, LOOK!
THE CROOKS' BOAT
IS MAROONED ON
TOP OF THE
LIGHTHOUSE!
WE'VE GOT
'EM!

WHOOPEE!
I KNEW YOU
WOULDN'T
FAIL,
FLATFOOT!



Much later...

PUFFS
PUFFS
HOW MUCH
FARTHER
IS IT,
FLATFOOT?

DON'T
TAKE IT SO
HARD, CHIEF!
PUFFS PUFFS
... ONLY 53!
MORE STEPS
TO GO!

HONEYBUN



Goodnatured?

He *must* be...to think that his mother-in-law is tops and...to let his wife, Miggs, tag a name like **HONEYBUN** on him so that everyone but his own mother has forgotten his real name!



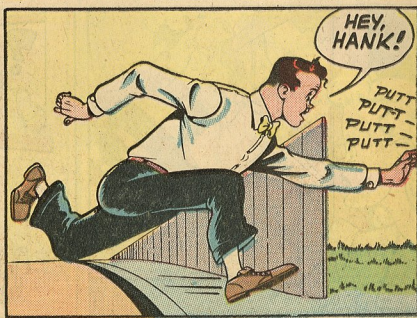
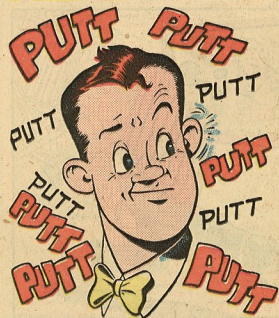
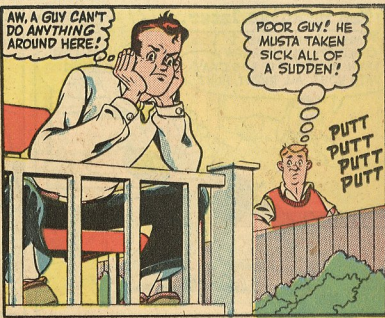
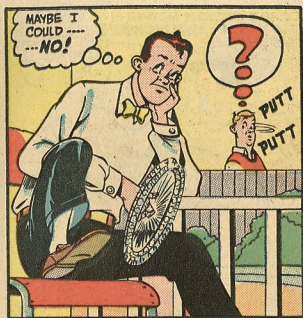
B-BUT, MIGGS--



NO! I MEAN, ALMOST BREAK HER ARM!

OH!

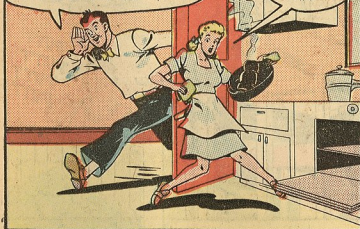




Ten minutes later...

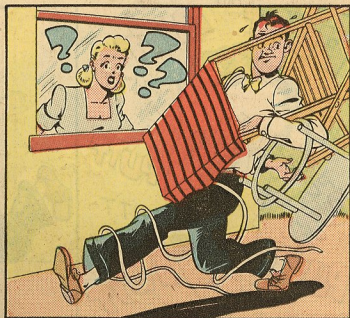
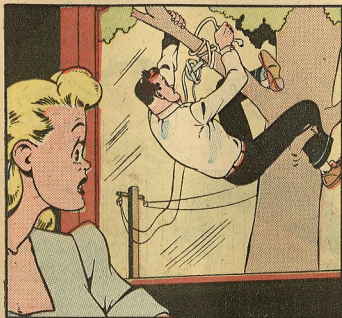
MISGS! HANK SAID I COULD TRY OUT HIS NEW LAWN MOWER IF IT WAS OKAY WITH YOU! ALL RIGHT, HUH?

LOOK OUT! I DON'T KNOW! MOTHER'S COMING AND...



HOW COULD I GET YOUR MOTHER IN TROUBLE WITH A LAWN MOWER? THAT'S SILLY!

OH, ALL RIGHT!

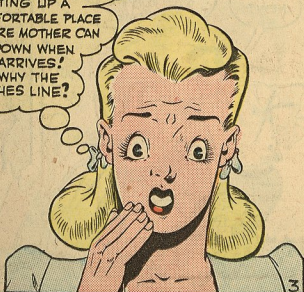


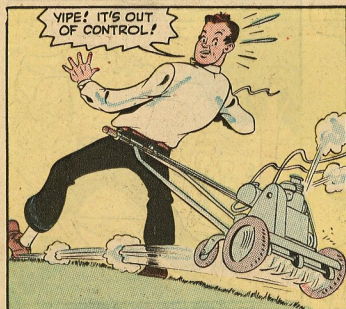
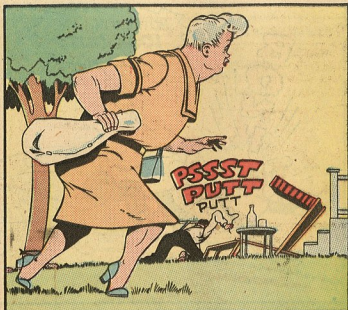
HONEYBUN, YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO CUT THE LAWN!

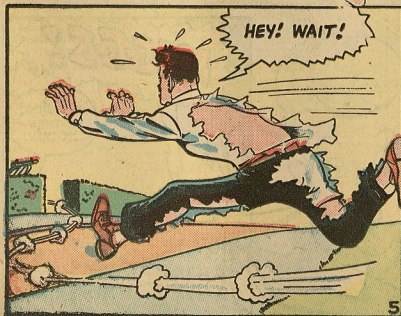
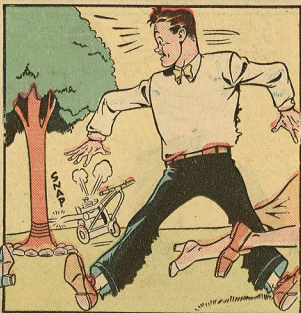
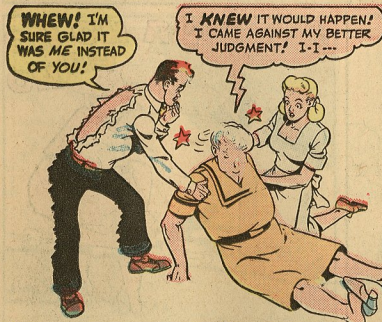
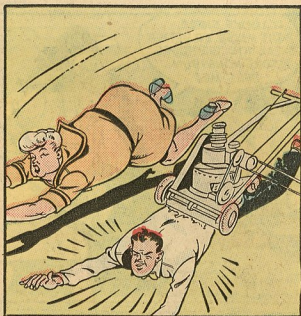
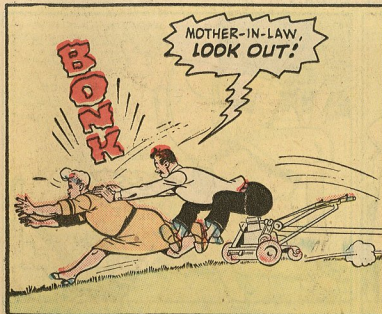
OOPS! I AM --- AS SOON AS I GET A BOTTLE OF POP AND A GLASS!

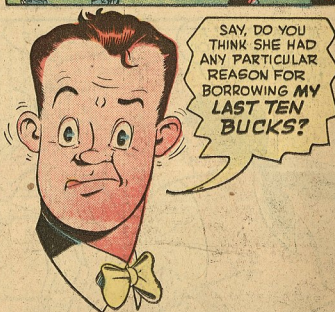
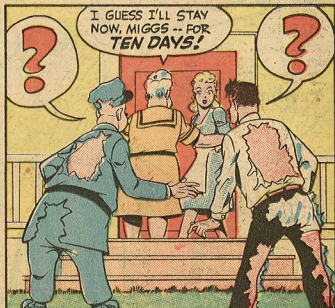
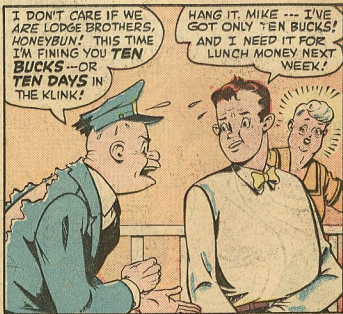
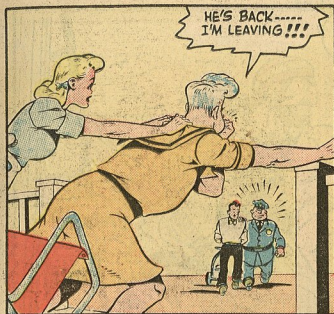


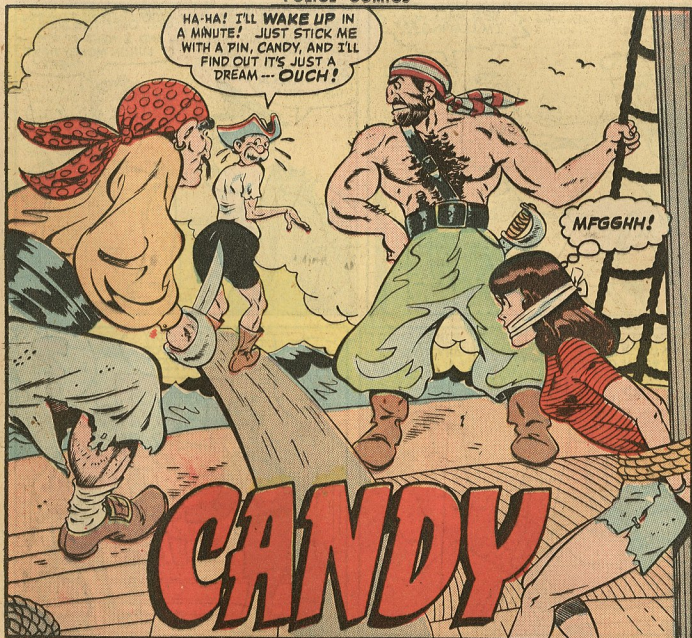
OH ---- I GUESS HE'S SETTING UP A COMFORTABLE PLACE WHERE MOTHER CAN SIT DOWN WHEN SHE ARRIVES! BUT WHY THE CLOTHES LINE?



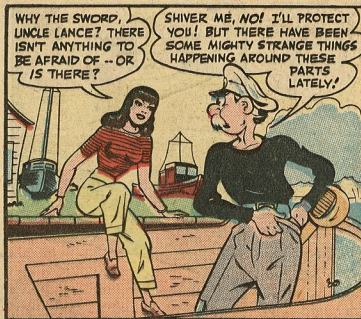
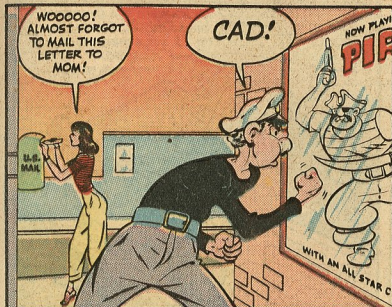
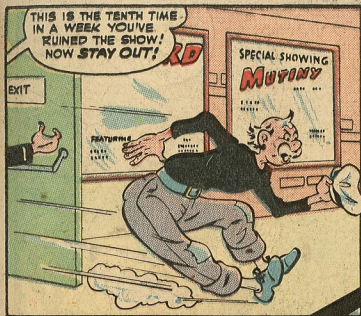


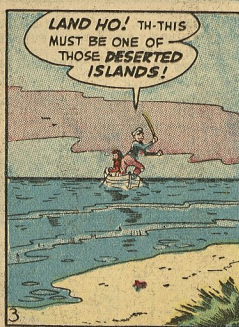
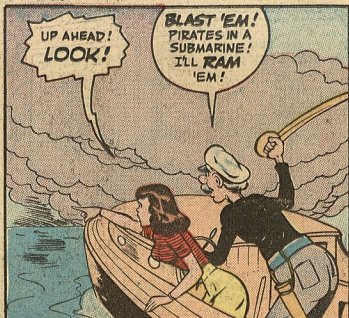


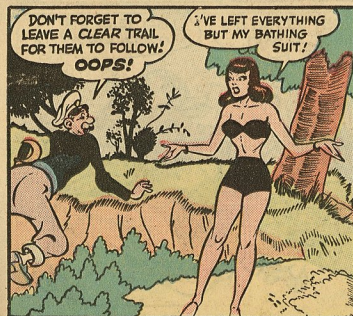
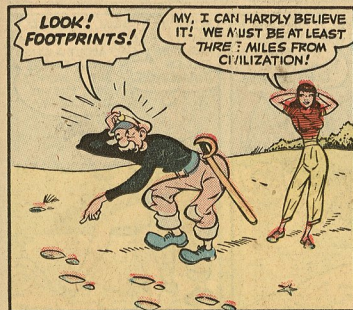
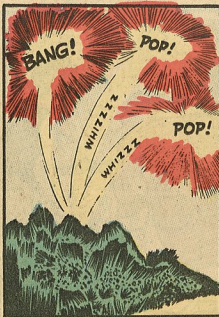


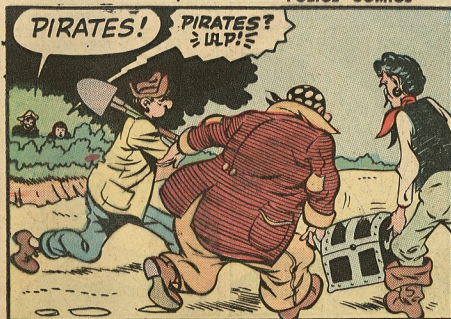


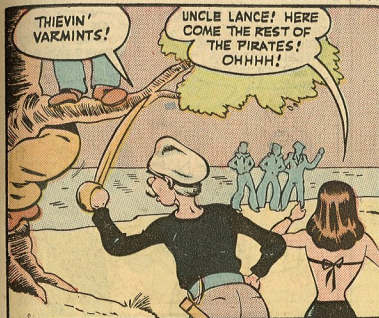
POLICE COMICS











AND YOU -- I'M GONNA
DRAG YOU IN FOR
CARRYING DANGEROUS
WEAPONS!

ULP!

YOU MEAN THIS SWORD?
OH, SHUCKS, IT'S ONLY
SOMETHING I MADE
MYSELF OUT OF A
PIECE OF WOOD!

OF ALL
THE
~~Outlets~~!

Later...

GAZOOKS, WE'RE
RIGHT WHERE WE
STARTED, AND LOOK
AT THIS -- A
**TRIPLE
FEATURE!**

TRIPLE
FEATURE

COWBOYS
INDIANS
PIRATES

NOW SHOWING

ER--ULP--UNCLE
LANCELOT!.. I'LL
SEE YOU LATER!
I'M GOING BACK
TO THE HOUSE!

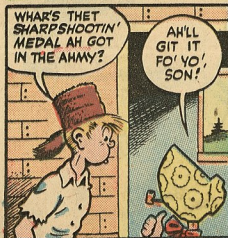
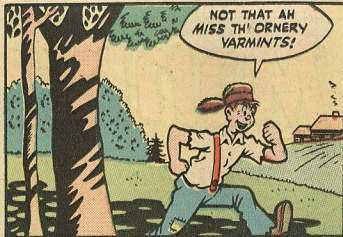
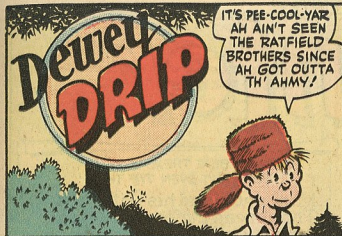
WHY, UNK, I
THOUGHT --

YEAH -- I'M GETTING
SICK OF BEING THROWN
OUT, SO I BOUGHT MY
OWN MOVIES AND
PROJECTOR!

That night...

GOLLIES, I HATE TO
TAKE A RUNOUT
POWDER ON UNCLE,
BUT I JUST SIMPLY
CAN'T STAND THE
GAFF!

Dear Ted:
When I came to visit
Uncle Lancelot, I thought the
deal would be a dull one.
On the contrary, it has
been -- well, it sure is good
to find a quiet moment to
relax in a peaceful --
Oh gosh, I'll tell
you all about it when
I arrive! Yours,
Candy

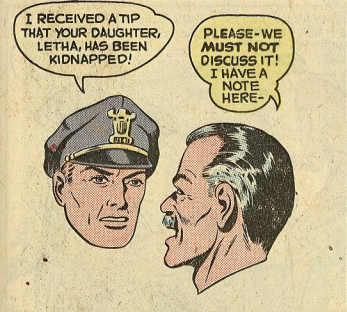
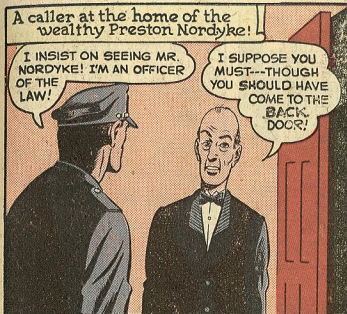


Manhunter

YOU CAN'T BEAT THEM--
YOU CAN'T EVEN *TIE* THEM!!

Manhunter and his faithful dog,
Thor, break the bonds of cruel
captivity by following a trail which
begins and ends at the captive's
own door!





POLICE COMICS

But, where Officer Dan Richards is forced to drop the case--

MANHUNTER
TAKES OVER! LET'S
GO, THOR!



LETHA NORDYKE WAS ENGAGED TO BERTIE FRAYNE! HE LIVES AT THIS CLUB!

PATRICIAN'S CLUB



SO YOU'RE THE FAMOUS MAN-HUNTER! YES, I'M LETHA'S FIANCE! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

IS THE RUMOR TRUE THAT LETHA'S FATHER INSISTED ON THIS ENGAGEMENT? THAT SHE CARED FOR ANOTHER MAN?



I'LL ANSWER THAT! LETHA LOVES ME!

STAY OUT OF THIS, CARLIN! LETHA'S THROUGH WITH YOU!



YOUR ONLY ADVANTAGE IS MONEY! HER FATHER WORSHIPS YOUR FORTUNE! I'VE A MIND TO--

THOR DOES NOT ALLOW VIOLENCE, GENTLEMEN! LET'S TALK THIS OVER INSTEAD!



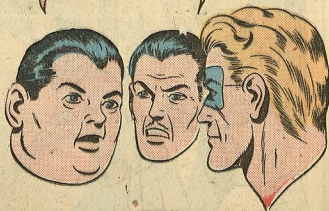
YOU BOTH AGREE ON ONE BIG THING--LETHA MUST BE RESCUED! WILL YOU WORK WITH ME?

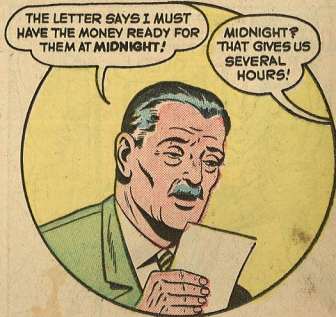
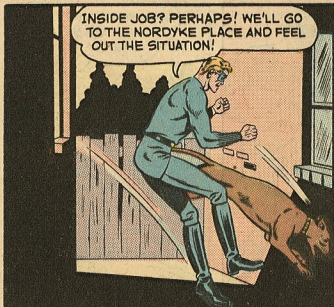
I SUPPOSE IT'S VITAL THAT WE DO!



LETHA WAS KIDNAPPED LAST NIGHT! SHE DROVE AWAY AND--

WRONG, FRAYNE! SHE MET ME AFTER SHE LEFT YOU!





WHO ARE YOU? HOW DARE YOU FORCE YOUR WAY IN HERE? DO YOU BELONG TO THE KIDNAPPING BAND THAT SENT THIS LETTER?

MANHUNTER'S MY NAME AND I WANT TO HELP GET YOUR DAUGHTER BACK!

I WON'T ACCEPT HELP! I DON'T DARE! PLEASE LEAVE ME ALONE!

IF YOU INSIST, MR. NORDYKE!



I GOT WHAT I WANTED...A CHANCE TO PICK UP A SCENT FROM THE KIDNAPERS' MESSAGE! FOLLOW IT, BOY!



I UNDERSTAND! THE TRAIL STOPS HERE! THE MESSENGER GOT INTO A CAR! PICK UP THE TRAIL OF THE TIRES!



FAST, BOY! EVERY STEP TAKES US NEARER!

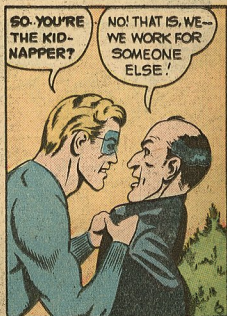
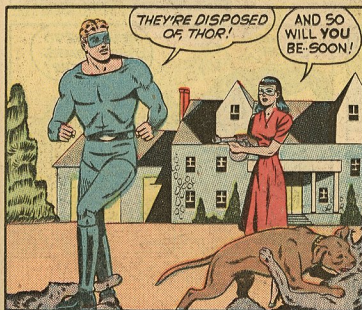
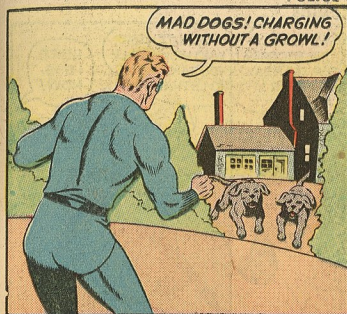


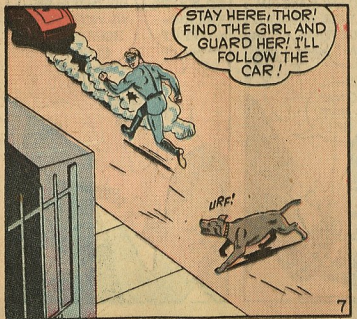
HERE'S THE END OF THE TRAIL--GATE LOCKED! IF WE CAN'T GET THROUGH, WE GET OVER!



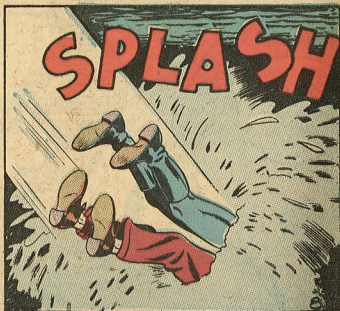
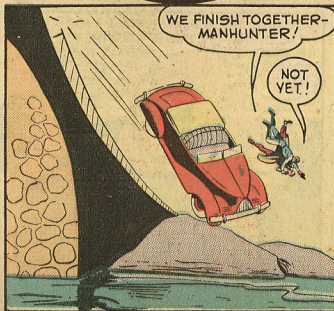
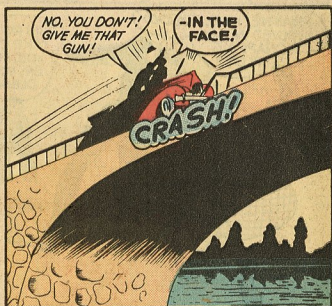
INSIDE! BUT LOOK WHAT'S GUARDING THE PLACE!





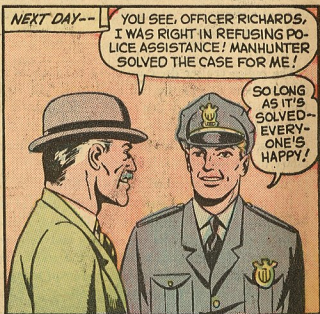
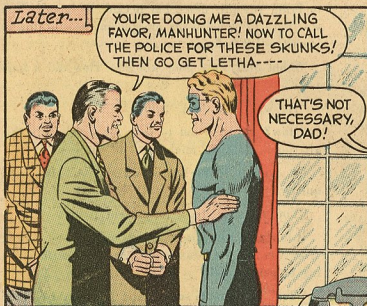


Meanwhile-MANHUNTER seeks a short cut---





POLICE COMICS



BACKFIRE

WHEN it came to a matter of telling tall ones,

Dick Mace felt himself far outclassed. Here, in this group, were men who had followed crime a score or more years; they knew all the best tales. They had experienced them. Long years in harness, as detectives, as prison guards. They were all here this evening.

The Annual Conclave was always a great get-together, where crime-does-not-pay had its full swing. Men exchanged wild tales of the chase, exhibited scars, bullet wounds, told tales to make your hair rise and your eyes bulge large.

Ah, no, Dick Mace was far outclassed in this galaxy of crime-smashers. Or was he?

Wasn't there one tale that he'd never told?

"Did I ever tell you the one about Allbright, the cop of the East End of London?" he asked the group.

"I knew an Allbright," chirped Crittenden of Homicide, "who wasn't all bright. Pun!"

"All's bright that ends bright," sang out a sergeant.

"Mebbe we should've brought our knitting," spoke up Captain Morse dryly. "This is turning into an old ladies' chit-chat. Stories we want!"

"Yeah, tall tales!"

Dick began again: "This Allbright chap was something of a character. Not my case, but I know it very well. Want to hear it?"

"Shoot!"

The police cruiser drew up along the curb in the darkness and one of the two cops said, "All right, Jim, it's your baby. I don't envy you. Make it as easy as possible on her."

"Boys," said the other cop, "I'd give a month's salary to get out of this."

"Go on," said the other. "I'll wait here."

Jim left the car and strode up to the door of the little cottage on the side street. He knocked. Almost immediately a light came on upstairs and he heard the sound of footsteps descending the stairs. The door opened and he saw a young woman standing in the half light of the doorway.

"Yes," she said with a slight catch in her throat. "What is it? Has something happened to Max?"

Jim pulled himself together. "You must be brave," he said. "Something has happened."

"He's—he's—"

Jim nodded. "Yes, Mrs. Sellers, Max is dead."

"Dead! Oh, no—no!" The woman began crying. "Not Max. Not Max!"

Jim was kind. He held an arm about her shoulders. "You go to bed now, Mrs. Sellers. I'm terribly sorry to bring you this news, but it can't be helped. You will have to come to the morgue in the morning to identify—I'll call for you."

"B-but Max," the poor woman. "How did it happen?"

"He was shot, Mrs. Sellers."

"How? He went out to look for a job only this afternoon. Said he might be late. How—"

"A holdup at the Ajax Warehouse," Jim said quietly.

"You mean he tried to prevent it and—"

It hurt Jim to do it but he shook his head slowly. "No, Mrs. Sellers. Max was—was—he was shot trying to get away."

"Oh!" The woman swayed and Jim caught her, led her inside. "No. No, I don't believe it. Max would never do such a thing."

Jim's sorrow flooded through his words: "I'm more sorry than I can tell you, Mrs. Sellers," he said. Then he left abruptly. The woman was crying softly.

The newspapers played up the story for all it was worth. How a young returned soldier, jobless, with a three-year-old-daughter, had tried to hold up the warehouse to obtain money for food for his family. It was the old story over again. Jim's photo was there on page one. How Jim had shot the burglar in the night as he tried to get away; shot only after the burglar had fired at him. . . .

It all made Jim feel like a heel. He told the boys so. He hated to face that poor woman. It was bad enough telling her that her husband was a crook.

But now, for her to learn that it had been his bullet that killed him—

"What're you fretting about, you lug?" said Lt. Clancey. "The old man'll give you a nice boost for this piece of work. You wait and see."

And Clancey was right. At nine the next morning the chief called Jim into his office.

"Well, Jim, you're a hero. Did you know it?"

Jim growled something.

"I know how you feel, boy. We all have to go through 'it. I did, once. Anyway, the commissioner wants to see you. I'll give you a tip: you're going on the plain clothes detail from now on. How d'ya like that?"

How did he like it! That was the one thing Jim had always wanted. Plain clothes detective!

As he was eating a bite in a small restaurant later, a shadow fell cross his table and he looked up. Looked up into the tearful, brown eyes of Mrs. Sellers.

He was startled for a moment. Something about that woman's eyes gave him the creeps. She saw right through you. He stammered, offered her a chair.

"You've seen the papers?" he asked when she sat down. She nodded without speaking. "Then you— you know?" he got out.

"Yes. I know." She looked at him, beyond him. "I don't blame you. Please don't think I do. You did your duty. But there's one thing. I know Max didn't do that. He couldn't. Maybe he saw a light in the warehouse and went in to investigate. Maybe— She was a little panicky, Jim could see.

"Maybe," Jim said quietly. "Maybe that was it, Mrs. Sellers, I'm glad you're not—not blaming me. I didn't know, of course."

Mrs. Sellers sat up suddenly, looking through Jim. "You must help me," she said quickly. "I know Max didn't do that. I must prove it. You'll help me?"

Jim promised that he would and that he'd call for her about ten for the identification of the body. She hesitated at the door.

"He looked at the paper the day before, and said he was going out to get a job." She shook her head forlornly. "Not much of a clue." She left.

Jim got that day's paper and went over the HELP WANTED ads. Yes, there was a job offered at a novelty factory not a block from the warehouse. It was the only one nearby. Max would have to pass

the warehouse to reach the place. Jim went to the shop.

An old man was proprietor. Jim told him who he was.

"You hire anybody recently?" he asked.

"Yeah. Young feller came in couple days ago and worked hard till midnight. That was the hours I needed a man for. He never came back next afternoon."

"You read the papers?"

The old man shook his head. "No time."

"The man you hired is dead," Jim told him.

Jim took Mrs. Sellers to the morgue and returned her home. Somehow she frightened him. But there was something he must know, now that he had talked to the novelty shop owner.

"Have you a copy of day before yesterday's paper?" he asked.

Mrs. Sellers hesitated. Then she shook her head. "N-no."

That night, the novelty shop man was found shot to death in his little office.

The following morning Jim was in Mrs. Sellers' living room. He was fidgety. Mrs. Sellers kept watching him closely. He wondered why. She left the room on the pretext of closing the back door, and it was then that Jim saw the paper he had asked her about—the one she said she didn't have. The novelty shop ad was encircled by a dark pencil line. Then she knew!

When she entered, Jim was waiting and ready.

"You knew. You had the paper all the time."

"Yes," she replied. "I knew more than that."

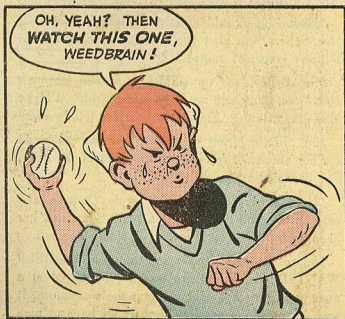
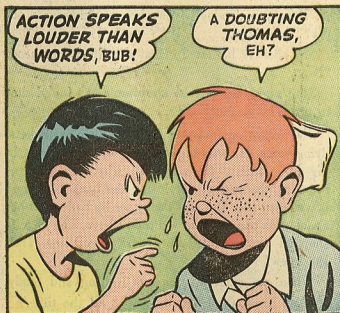
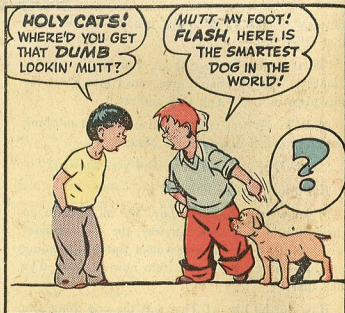
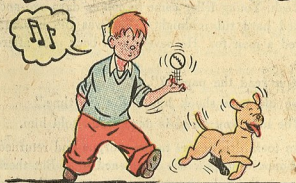
Jim's hands flicked out like a snake and took her throat, crushing the breath out. Mrs. Sellers tried to scream and managed a little moan. In Jim's eyes there was a maniacal look. A madman.

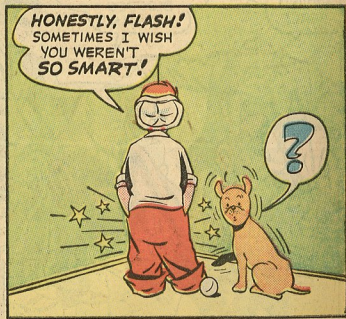
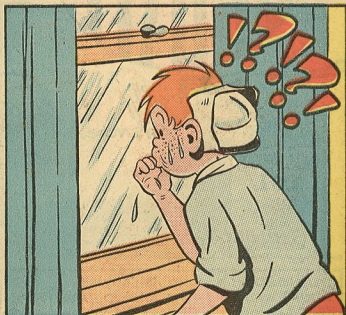
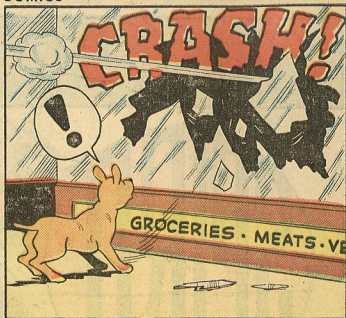
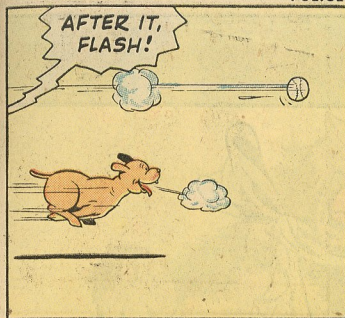
Then the cops burst into the room seemingly from all sides.

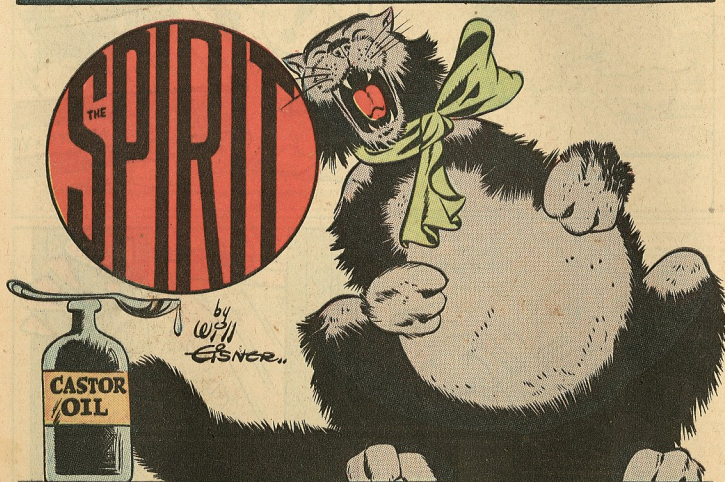
"All right, Jim," said Cassidy, the chief. "Good thing we stashed out here. Thought you'd return after killing the old shopkeeper. He knew too much and could prove that Max Sellers had spent the entire afternoon and evening working. So you tried the stickup. Max caught you in there and you shot him. Right?"

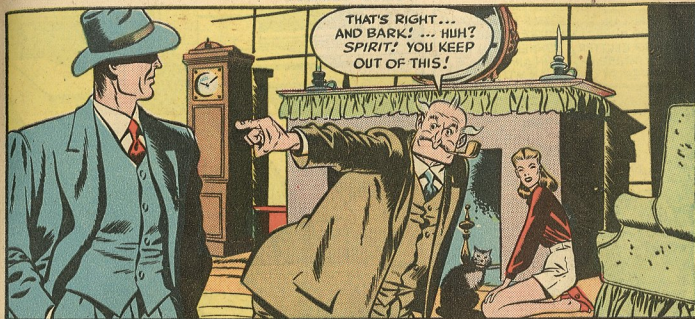
Jim nodded. "Yes. I thought I could retire on what I knew was in the warehouse safe. Sellers saw my flashlight and came in. I shot him."

SPECKS



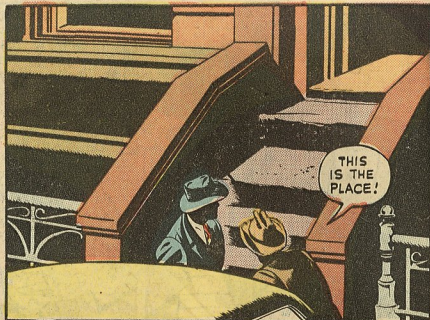








SEEMS TO ME, DOLAN, YOU'RE MORE CONCERNED WITH YOUR OWN ANNOYANCE THAN WITH THE MURDER!



DON'T LET ANYBODY TOUCH ANYTHING UNTIL THE FINGERPRINT MAN GETS HERE!



HE'S BEEN WIF US ALL THE TIME!

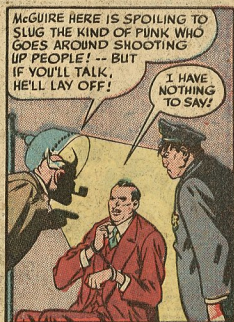


WHAT??!

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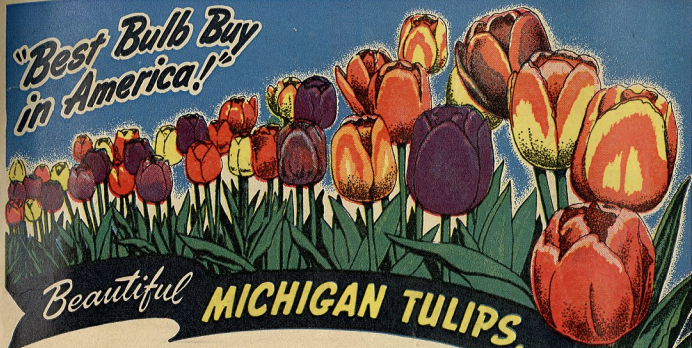








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Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

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How to Outbluff a VICIOUS DOG



at night!

... as recommended by
Lt. Comdr. Willy Necker,
Wheeling, Ill.—noted dog
trainer and judge at dog
shows...and wartime head
of U. S. Coast Guard War
Dog Training.



1 The fact that 999 dogs out of a thousand are friendly, safe and lovable doesn't alter the fact that occasionally—through mistreatment, neglect or disease—a dog may turn vicious. Such animals are dangerous. Especially at night! If cornered—



2 Outdoors, at night, turn on your "Eveready" flashlight! Shine it directly at the dog's eyes, to blind and perhaps bewilder him. He may leap at the light, however; so don't hold it in front of you. Hold it at arm's length to the side. Most important...



3 Keep still. Don't move. Don't run—it's instinctive with most animals to attack anything that runs away or moves aggressively. If the dog refrains from attacking for a few seconds, you have probably won—he is apt to growl at the light, then slink off, outbluffed.

4 For *bright* light, *white* light, *effective* light—insist on "Eveready" batteries. For they have no equals—that's why they're the world's *largest-selling* flashlight batteries. Yet their extra light, extra life, cost you *nothing* extra!

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